Run like the Wind!

Bellowing clappers. First heat gone. Next heat up. Butterflies filled my stomach before I could even blink. Resistantly, I shuffled to the empty starting line. Focusing on the million metre track, my hands began to quiver …

Preparing for the strenuous race ahead of me, confidence kicked back in. My mum was waving frantically in the sea of faces, watching me with a big grin from ear to ear. The wind was a cheerleader prancing around, encouraging me to run. My legs were no longer blocks of ice. I could taste the smell of success in the air. I was ready!

Bang! Like a bullet out of a gun, I sprung speedily from the starting line. “You can do this, you can do this!” I resiliently reminded myself. Fortunately, those words were working so far. Third place is definitely good, right?

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